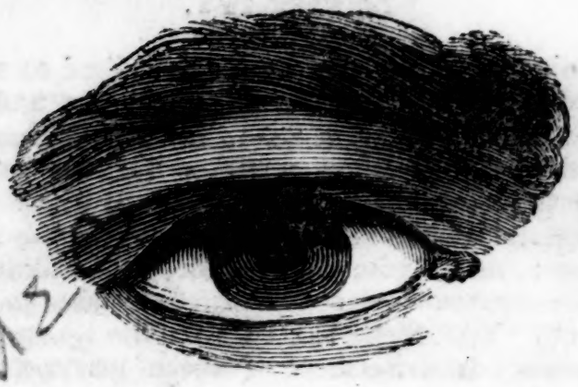

THE OBSERVER.

NEW-YORK:

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1809.

JUSTICE.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the word JUSTICE ;---it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, it is true, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense, JUSTICE is distinguished from EQUITY ; but there is a JUSTICE still more extensive, and which can be shewn to embrace all the virtue united. Justice may be that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his *due*. In this extensive sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society shall expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered if we give them what we owe them. Thus JUSTICE, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own natures virtues, and if ever they deserve the title, it is when JUSTICE impels and directs them ; without such a moderator candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy charity, imprudence, and generosity, mistaken profusion. A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by JUSTICE, is at best indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even twins to vice.

The expences of society, of presents, of entertainments, and other helps of cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities ; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary, as those imposed by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason which should be the sovereign law of rational beings. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passions, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Misers are generally characterised as men without honour, or humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice

every other happiness.---They have been described as madmen, who in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make, from imaginary wants, real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated practice; and, perhaps, there is not one in whom all those circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and industrious branded by the vain and the idle, with this odious appellation; men, who by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their shares of industry to the common stock. Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, it were well for society had we more of those characters among us. In general these close men are found, at last, the true benefactors of society; with an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings---but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A man who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with a heart melting at every fictitious distress. There he is indeed, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves. The advice of one of the ancients to a young man whom he saw giving away all his substance to pretended distress was not amiss. "It is possible" said he "that the person you relieve may be an honest man, and I know that you who relieve him are such; you see, then, that by your generosity you rob a man who is certainly deserving, to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue; and when you are unjust in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself."

J. L. B.

THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF RELIGION,

BY THE REV. J. MOIR.

Religion is the daughter of Heaven, parent of all our virtues, and guardian of all our pleasures; who alone gives peace and contentment, divests the heart of care and the life of trouble, bursts on the mind a flood of joy, and sheds unmingled and perpetual sunshine in the virtuous breast. By her the spirits of darkness are banished the earth, and ministers of grace thicken unseen the scenes of mortality. She promotes love and good-will among men, lifts up the head that hangs down, heals the wounded spirit, dissipates the gloom of sorrow, sweetens the cup of affliction, blunts the sting of death, and wherever seen, or felt, or heard, breathes around her an everlasting spring. Religion raises men above themselves; irreligion sinks them beneath the brutes: the one makes them angels, the other makes them devils; *this* binds them down to a poor pitiable speck of perishable earth; *that* opens up a vista to the skies, and lets loose all the principles of an immortal mind among the glorious objects of an eternal world.

Lift up your head, O Christian, and look forward to yon calm unclouded regions of mercy, unsullied by vapours, unruffled by storms; where Friendship, the loveliest form in heaven, never dies, never changes, never cools! Ere long thou shalt burst this brittle cage of confinement, break through the fetters of mortality, spring to life, and mingle with the skies. Corruption has but a limited duration. Happiness is even now in the bud: a few days, or weeks, or months, or years at most, and that bud shall be fully blown. Here Virtue droops under a thousand pressures; but, like the earth with returning spring, shall then renew her youth, renew her verdure, rise and reign in undiminished lustre. It does not signify what thy prospects now are; what thy situation now is. In thy present condition, thy heart, indeed, may sob and bleed its last, before thou shalt meet with one,

who has either the generosity to relieve, or the humanity to pity thee. Thou hast, however, in thy compassionate Parent of Nature, a most certain resource in the deepest extremity. Cast thine eyes but a little beyond this strange, mysterious, and perplexing scene, which at present intercepts thy views of futurity. Behold a bow stamped in the darkest cloud that lowers in the face of heaven, and the whole surrounding hemisphere brightening as thou approachest! Say, does not yon blessed opening, which overlooks the dark dominion of the grave, more than compensate all the sighs and sufferings, which chequer the present, passing, intervening scene? Lo! there thy long lost friend, who still lives in thy remembrance, and warms thy inmost heart, whose presence gave thee more delight than all that life could afford, and whose absence cost thee more groans and tears than all that death can take away, beckons thee to him, that where he is thou mayest be also. 'Here,' he says, 'dwell unmingled pleasures, unpolluted joys, inextinguishable love; immortal, unbounded, unmolested friendship. All the sorrows and imperfections of mortality are to us as though they had never been; and nothing lives in heaven, but pure unadulterated virtue. Our hearts, swelled with rapture, cease to murmur; our breasts, warm with gratitude, to sigh; our eyes, charmed with celestial visions, to water; our hands, enriched with palms of victory, to tremble; and our heads, encircled with glory, to ache. We are just as safe as infinite power, as joyful as infinite fulness, and as happy as infinite goodness can make us. Ours is peace without molestation, plenty without want, health without sickness, day without night, pleasure without pain, and life without the least mixture or dread of death.'

Happy thou, to whom life has no charm, for which thou canst wish it protracted! Thy troubles will vanish like a dream, which mocks the power of memory; and what signify all the shocks which thy delicate and feeling spirit can meet with in this shocking world? A moment longer and thy complaints are at an end; thy diseases of body and mind shall be felt no more; the ungenerous hints of churlish relations distress no more; fortune frown; futurity intimidate, no more. Then shall thy voice, no longer breathing the plaintive strains of melancholy, but happily attuned to songs of gladness, mingle with the hosts of heaven in the last and sweetest anthem that ever mortals or immortals sung, "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?"

"Discourses on Practical Subjects."

ON PRAYER,

BY W. PALEY, D. D.

When one man desires to obtain any thing of another, he betakes himself to entreaty: and this may be observed of mankind in all ages and countries of the world. Now what is universal, may be called natural; and it seems probable, that God, as our supreme governor, should expect that towards himself, which, by a natural impulse, or by the irresistible order of our constitution, he has prompted us to pay to every other being on whom we depend.

The same may be said of thanksgiving.

Prayer likewise is necessary to keep up in the minds of mankind, a sense of Go'ds agency in the universe, and of their own dependency upon him.

Yet after all, the duty of paryer depends upon its efficacy; for I confess myself unable to conceive, how any man can pray, or be obli-

ged to pray, who expects nothing from his prayers; but who is persuaded at the time he utters his request, that it cannot possibly produce the smallest impression upon the Being to whom it is addressed, or advantage to himself. Now the efficacy of prayer imports, that we obtain something in consequence of praying which we should not have received without prayer; against all expectation of which, the following objections have been often and seriously alledged. "If it be most agreeable to perfect wisdom and justice, that we should receive what we desire, God, as perfectly wise and just, will give it to us without asking; if it be not agreeable to these attributes of his nature, our entreaties cannot move him to give it us; and it were impious to expect that they should." In fewer words thus; "If what we request be fit for us, we shall have it without praying; if it be not fit for us, we cannot obtain it by praying." This objection admits of but one answer, namely, that it may be agreeable to perfect wisdom, to grant that to our prayers, which it would not have been agreeable to the same wisdom to have given us without praying for.

TO *********,

My Quondam Friend.

I am out of all patience with you, you grow worse and worse;---tell me, is it inattention, or is it a determination to make yourself disagreeable, that makes you annoy every one who has the misfortune to be near you at any public place. - - - - - - Last night I was at the theatre with two or three of my friends, we were unlucky enough to be so situated in one of the side boxes that you could obstruct our view of almost two thirds of the stage---which you accordingly made it a point to do. Many hints were thrown out, and two or three solicitations to sit down, but all in vain; and, before the end of the second act, you were an object of alternate pity and contempt to every one in the box. - - - - - - - - - I see no kind of reason you could have for standing up with your hat on; you could have seen as well sitting; - - - - - - - - But making every one stand who was behind you that wished to see, was not the worst,---you and your companions prevented us from hearing, as well in those parts of the play where the plot and every thing rested, as where the author and performer by a high finished picture, had so laid hold of our feelings that even the men were pulling their hats over their eyes to hide what, in my opinion, a man never should be ashamed of, an honest tear: - - - - the pleasing magic thread, that held us in delusion to the scene, you broke by a most irrelevant horse laugh; and instead of attending to this interesting part of the performance I found, to my astonishment, you were talking about political clubs, dinners, toasts, &c. - - - - - - But chiefly was your folly shewn in your applause. It was not the sentiments of the author, or the pure nature and chastity of the performance that you honoured with your approbation. Grimace and ranting were always the signal for you to begin; and when mummery commenced and probability was torn to rags, you and your friends were in raptures. A good pair of lungs, and a quizzical face, are all the requisites for an actor to have, to please you.

I wish, if you will go to the theatre, you would endeavour to profit by it. - - - - - But, no; when any thing is going on worth attending to, and from which you could receive instruction---you are, generally, up in the third tier of boxes. How can a man dare to shew his face in a public theatre along side of a noted common prostitute?

Have you lost all delicacy? have you lost all respect for the opinion of the *female* part of your acquaintance. - - - - - - - - I have heard you say * * * * * * * * the world, what do I care for its opinion, I will do as I please - - - - - - - - believe me, when a man loses his respect for the opinion of the world, and what it thinks of him, I believe he is upon the point of turning villain. - - - - - You have seen the play of Hamlet, do you remember the advice of Polonius to his son Laertes, going to travel. No; I dare say you did not hear a word of it---or if you did, it merely knocked at your dull sense---it found no entrance there. I will conclude this letter with it; and I hope you will take every means to imprint it on your memory; write it, stick it up over your mantlepiece, and read it when ever you have nothing else to do---and are toasting your shins at the fire; you cannot employ your memory better than by learning it.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all.--To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Yours, &c.
Observer.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in Boston, to his friend in this City, lamenting the loss of his Dog.

"I have been low spirited as well as lazy;---I have lost my dear, worthy, affectionate and faithful friend GUARD. For six years and an half we have rough'd it together through this rough world;---we have laboured and travelled, and ate, and drank, and played, and quarrelled together;---his enemies have been my enemies;---my friends his friends;---mutual interest and a capacity in each, to render the other benefits, which without each other we could not enjoy, as well as a striking similarity of disposition was the basis and bond of mutual affection;---he looked to me for support;---I to him for protection.---Where shall I find the noble fellow's equal? never upon *four* legs.---I will never call a man a *dog*, but when I mean to praise him.--I think his Ghost possesses me, for I can't mention his name, but something like his head directly rushes into my mind, and I am almost choaked with grief. Yours &c.

"*Hide not thy tears: weep boldly,---and be proud*
"*To give the* flowing virtue *manly way.*
"*'Tis nature's mark, to know an honest heart by.*"

J. B.

ON INANIMATE DEVOTIONS.

It will be allowed, I imagine, that the majority of mankind are mostly affected by externals. It is not the matter of a discourse but the manner of its delivery which makes an impression on the senses. No wonder, then, if the languid devotions of our modern clergy do not move their congregations to righteousness. It is principally owing to their lifeless devotions that many of their simple flock turn apostates, and stray in search of more animated pastors; while others forsake all ecclesiastical guidance whatever, and laugh at religion as a ceremony at once political and stupid. Those who are endowed with strong feelings become methodists; others, possessed of more firmness, prove infidels and sceptics.

FAITH.

How often do we hear Faith explained in this manner, "That it is resting in, trusting in, and believing in the Lord Jesus Christ." This doctrine of recumbency is well explained by the celebrated Dr. Barrow. "What would we think of a sovereign," says that great divine, "Who in issuing a declaration to his rebellious subjects, should tell them, that he would receive them to grace and favour---not provided they would lay down their arms, and return to a sense of their duty—but provided they would come and *roll* and *lean* and *tumble* on his son?"

SELECT SENTENCE.

—"No degree of wit and learning, no progress in commerce, no advances in the knowledge of Nature, or in embellishments of art, can ever thoroughly tame that savage, the natural human heart, without religion. The art of social life may give a sweetness to the manners and language, and induce, in some degree, a love of justice, truth and humanity; but attainments derived from such inferior causes are no more than the semblance and the shadows of the qualities derived from pure Christianity.

A Translation is desired.

Somne levis! quanquam certissma Mortis imago
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori,
Alma Quies! optata veni, nam sic, sine vita,
Vivere quam suave est! sic sine morte mori.

NEWS OF THE WEEK;

Extracted chiefly from "The Mercantile Advertiser."

By the brig Little George, in 11 days from Havanna, the following news was received; which had reached that place from Cadiz in 35 days.

MURCIA, *Jan.* 12, 1809.

The commissioners of the supreme council, near the armies of the enemy, have this day communicated the following intelligence:

This morning was published in this army, by order of the general, the news of the French having been completely routed between Segovia and the plains of San Antonia, by the Marquis de la Romana, leaving on the field of battle, in killed, wounded and prisoners, twenty-one thousand Frenchmen, with all their artillery and baggage;

and that the rest of the army, with a great personage, (said to be Napoleon) is surrounded by our troops in the Paular de Sagova: I know not whether this pleasing information has reached your excellency, but if not I communicate it to fulfil my duty.

Persons who have come from Madrid assert that the French are disappearing from that city without knowing for what reason, nor whither they go, and that the few who remain do not exhibit the same haughty appearances as formerly.

We expect to be joined by the new troops of Ucles and Cuenca, when the army will advance in pursuit of the enemy.

TARRAGON, *Jan.* 8.

The present notice having the character of veracity, the Supreme Junta ordered it to be proclaimed with firing of cannon and ringing of bells.

Signed by the Marquis of Villa Francay-los Velez, Duke de Medinasidenia. By order of his Excellency.

ANGTIN FERNANDEZ COSTA.

Extract of a letter from Havanna, dated March 8.

"By the British brig Little George, about to depart I have only time to inclose you a paper containing the afflicting news of yesterday, in 35 days from Cadiz. Morla has proved himself a traitor, and invited the French to Madrid, which place Bonaparte left on the 23d December, to attack Romana's army: since which time nothing official has been received from the armies. The whole of the Spanish forces are drawing to a point, and hopes are entertained that they will surround the Emperor.

"The Supreme Junta were at Seville, but it was expected they would remove to Cadiz in a few days.

"At Cadiz they had 84,000 French prisoners.

"The British have been roughly handled. One army is marching towards Corunna, from prudential motives, and the other towards the borders of Portugal.

"These movements indicate an expectation of the necessity of embarking at those points, to sail round to another more tenable."

Ship Bordeaux, Capt. Richard Law, left Cadiz on the first of February. A few days before the Bordeaux sailed accounts were received of a most obstinate battle having been fought near Valladolid, between the English army, under Sir John Moore and the main body of the French; after dreadful carnage on both sides an army of reserve, commanded by Bonaparte in person, arrived on the field; night closing the sanguinary conflict, and the British were forced to retreat to the mountains of Asturias.

The Capt. of an English schooner which arrived at Cadiz about the time the above account was received in a short passage from Corunna, reported that the British were marching into that place when he sailed. Some transport ships were waiting for them, but that they were so closely pursued by the French, that it was apprehended part of them would be cut off as there were not ships sufficient to receive them all---The Government at Cadiz endeavoured to suppress the foregoing accounts, and several suspected characters had been arrested for having propagated them, but they generally were believed to be too true, and the majority of the people were very much alarmed. Great exertions were made by the present governor (Don Felix Jones) to render Cadiz impregnable; the Puenta de

Suaza, (a bridge originally constructed by the Romans, and which joined Cadiz to the Continent (has been destroyed, and a great number of labourers were daily employed on the Fortifications at the Land-Gates.

It was also reported that after the retreat of the British, a division of the French army had marched in pursuit of the Marquis de la Romana, who had been somewhere in the vicinity of Valladolid, but with whom the British never had effected a junction, and who had in consequence retreated with his army with intention to join the Duke del Infantado; the latter was supposed to be in New Castile, and not far from Madrid, but the Spanish Government strictly prohibit the publication of all unfavourable accounts, and it is almost impossible to obtain any correct information respecting the situation or force of the armies. A detachment of 6000 of the French had been within two days march of Seville, but had retreated again. It was expected the Government would soon remove to Cadiz.

Gen. Reding, by the latest accounts, was at Tarragona with 24,000 men, and another army, under the Marquis de Lazun, had obtained some advantages over the French in Catalonia.

Sarragosa was still defended with the most heroic valor. On the 22d Dec. Marshall Moncey and Mortier sent a flag in and demanded a surrender of the City, which was refused in the most determined manner by the intrepid Palafox.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Cadiz, dated January 30th, to his brother in this city.

"The French had a severe battle with the English on the 2d, 3d and 4th inst. in which they succeeded so far, that the latter retreated in the night to Leon and Astorga. It is said they are embarking at Vigo. Palafox still bravely defends Saragossa, but it will not avail. The enemy has all Catalonia, and has advanced to the frontiers of this province and Portugal. The want of leaders of courage and ability, in whose integrity the people can confide, has ruined all except this place, which is capable of great defence. You may consider it as certain, that the French will overrun these countries."

ON THE DEATH OF A POOR GIRL.

Sweetly she smil'd---the parting gleam,
That linger'd on her closing eye,
Broke thro' the world's unlovely dream,
And spoke a sainted mortal nigh.

She wish'd to die; for at her bed
No parent pour'd the burning tear;
And not a friend had she, to shed
A tribute o'er her lowly bier.

And early was she doom'd in youth,
Disease and penury to brave;
But mild Religion's sacred truth
Smooth'd her rough passage to the grave.

Ye proud; who never felt, on high,
The sorrows that afflict mankind,
Could ye thus leave, without a sigh.
The world and all its pomp behind?

Oh! how I wish it were my doom,
Like her, immortally, to die;
To slumber in oblivion's tomb,
Unknown, unsought, by any eye;

Save that Creative Eye, whose pow'r,
Guided by Truth's unerring ray,
Gives the frail mortal of an hour,
To taste the joys of endless day!

D. M. C.

MARRIED,

On Monday evening, by the rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. Timothy B. Crowell, printer, to Miss Maria Van Bomel, both of this city.

On Monday evening, by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. Ephraim Jackson, to Miss Jane Young, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. John B. Woodward, to Miss Ann Voorhis, all of this city.

BILL OF MORTALITY,
from the 11th till the 18th March.

	Years old.		Years.
Obadiah Adams,	40	Sarah Vandyke	35
John Glass,	22	W. Hewitt's child	1m.
Joannah Wright,	35	Ann Anderson,	25
Sarah C. Baker,	17	Wm. M'Murdy,	13
Ann Matthews,	85	Matthias Mount,	42
Maria Dyckman,	26	James Clifford,	36
John Staples,	65	Mr. Lyng's child,	2
Catharine M'Clure,	79	Philander Brasher,	61
Wm. C. Forts,	25 days	Corn. Vanhorn,	18
Mrs. Cumming,	26	Peter Scofee's ch.	5 m.
John Winshif's ch.	2 m	James Tevagan,	30
Mary Ferman,	5	Ann Havanagh,	33
Maria Anderson,	41	Ann Maria Lowen,	24
Michael Huck.	53	Barthol. M'Grath,	
Patrick O'Surron, drowned.			

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